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From the Water Cure.

WATER.

O, water! I might water!

Thy station is high water!

Earth's beautiful daughter,

The bride of the sky.

The first earth-dew bloom thee,

With gentle delight,

And soft clouds express thee,

Embossed in light.

Thy pearls stream wander

'Mid wild blooming flowers,

Or gently meander

Through green shady bowers;

Amid wilding landscape

Along the cascade,

Or peacefully sweeping

Along the green shade.

Of thee, O pure water,

Of thee we sing,

Wine, wine is a mocker,

Unleavened a king.

Ye seas, and ye vapors,

O, my love be true,

'Twill lead you to ruin,

'Twill mock at your fall.

Turn, then to the fountain

Where bright waters flow,

From hill-side and mountain,

Wherever ye go.

Quaff, quaff ye pure nectar,

'Tis the living fount.

Health's source protect

It ever will be.

A Yankee Story.

(The funny columns of the English papers derive more of their "stuffed for smiles" from the papers of this country than from any other source. We find in one of them this ludicrous anecdote of the "Bewitched Clock," which was quite new to us.)

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broad cloth, "might have been seen" entering Deacon Cephas Barbery's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Maywood who thus burglariously won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his doors again!" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders.—Winders is just as good as doors if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sally'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move about here, cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a rousing fire in the old cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in Barbery's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door: "Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib!" said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth then," said Joe; and, running to the huge, old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five, by the clock," answered Sally; and, corroborating her words, the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair-case began to creak. "Good gracious! It's father!" exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon!" by thunder!" cried Joe.

"Hide me, Sally!"

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock-case." And, without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly. "Pive o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Haden't you better feed the critters fust, sir," suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Burr-r-r—whizz—ding! ding! ding!

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five!" said Sally tremulously.

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon.

"Strikin' five! it's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barbery!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the stair-case in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in my family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so afore."

Whizz! ding! ding! went the clock again.

"I'll bust itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a haven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't!" chorussed both the women together.

"Let go my raiment," shouted the old deacon, "I ain't feared of the powers of darkness."

But the woman would not let go so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward, and laid his hand on the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp. The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed his face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Maywood, extricated himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barbery's clock had been bewitched, and, though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Maywood, affected to "misread" the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tating frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in an excited imagination.

However, the incident being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the consent of the old people to his union with Sally by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

Extradition of Fugitive Slaves.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

Revised from the National Antislavery Standard.

[CONTINUED.]

I do not think the able arguments that have been offered to vindicate the American Constitution from the charge of sanctioning Slavery have been ingeniously met. Abolitionists have been interested by them, as ingenious defences of a desperate cause.—Pro-slavery jurists and judges have never even felt at liberty to entertain the discussion, warily keeping in the line of bad precedent rather than trusting their own reason with an independent re-investigation of the subject. The same cool audacity that has subsidized the popular religion, and made them instruments of supporting and sanctifying Slavery, has perverted all the precedents of the law and bribed the opinions of jurists to give it a Constitutional character. Slavery first went to a false Christianity, and got itself baptized, next to a false judiciary, and got itself legalized. We have allowed ourselves to be pushed from the consistency of our private opinions by the persistent front of this monstrous assumption. Public sentiment always modifies the rigidity of law. A bad public sentiment has from the first tempered with and degraded the original phraseology of our primal law. We have gratuitously admitted that Slavery was a national institution. Even Northern voters have chosen to load upon their own consciences the intolerable guilt and meanness of slaveholding, and to ding back angry remonstrances upon those who have modestly rebuked it, rather than to repudiate it as a local rascality, for which they were no more responsible than for polygamy among the Mormons. This popular impression is not based mainly upon the constitutional obligation, but results from that sedulous surveillance which the slave-power have exercised over legislation, law and public sentiment.

The tyranny of this oligarchy would have been no less complete if there had been no constitutional language in the Constitution for it to pervert, for it has never hesitated to violate even its own sense of the Constitution when its exigencies required it. The largest power it ever claimed would have proved insufficient for its own maintenance, may even for its own existence. While the spirit of freedom has been held to the very refinement of strictness in its construction of the Constitution, Slavery oversteps its letter, profanes its spirit, and sets at defiance its fundamental guarantees. The rulings of the American judiciary under the obviously unconstitutional language of the Slave Act show conclusively that they are not in a position to give relief to opinions, where the interests of Slavery are concerned. The weight of this influence, therefore, of a public sentiment so deeply rooted and far-spread, sedulously cultivated by political and commercial interests, supported by the zeal and eloquence of all ambitious men, should first be carefully estimated in order to be laid out of the discussion of our Constitutional obligations towards Slavery.

First, let the question be met whether there is any debatable ground here for us at all. Say some have decided (granting that they have) that the Constitution contains a specific obligation to return fugitive slaves; the Supreme Court alone can make authoritative interpretations of the Constitution; the general obligation to support the Constitution carries with it an obligation to abide by such authoritative interpretation. This forbids, as if it presented an unwarrentable whole matter, while in fact these propositions are scarcely relevant to the direct

line of discussion. The United States Supreme Court has no peculiar power. It is just like any other court, and has no more kind of power as the national Court, or the county Justice of the Peace. Neither the one nor the other ever presume to settle questions coming before them *speculatively*, but only *specifically*, and in reference to the particular case under their consideration. Law is not an exact science; it is a desecrated altar, but opinions, originating in a fluctuating discretion, and not discovered principles of absolute truth. Courts do not presume to utter oracles; the whole force of their judgment exhausts itself in the single issue of the case. They do not determine even the abstract rights of the parties in the matter litigated, but only that one shall enter upon the possession of his claim and that the other shall submit to that possession. The same parties may litigate a similar controversy before the same tribunal the very next day, and that tribunal, instead of being bound by the precedent of its former decision, may affirm an opposite one, and reverse the relation of the parties. The decision, when arrived at, only determines a *status* in which the parties must acquiesce, as the end of the controversy. It has no more power to influence their abstract opinions than to influence their feelings. The litigant, who strenuously contested a claim he believed to be right, and his advocate who conscientiously argued it, retain their abstract opinions after they have been adjudged unfounded, by a tribunal, from which no earthly appeal can be taken.

If a court does not even presume to change the abstract opinions of persons contesting claims before it, if it gives and will give no pledges that it will be itself bound by its own judgments, if it will not permit itself to be a moment hampered in the freedom of its discretion, how can judicial judgments effect *speculatively* concerned? Why am I held by the opinion of an old court, when that court is not held by its own opinion?

To say that the decision of the United States Supreme Court fifty years ago, or one year ago, shall constitute a construction on the Constitution, in the adjudication of a particular case, shall shape my private opinions of the obligations of that constitution, shall determine the sense in which I, and every functionary, State or National, take the oath of allegiance, the sense in which the great mass of my countrymen recognise their citizenship, is giving to that decision a scope and authority for which I can see no sanction in the constitution. If we have a trial of such a peculiar character, it is an anomaly in our political system. No court in any civilized or uncivilized country was ever created for such a purpose before. Law itself is metamorphosed in the judicial utterance of such a tribunal, and takes its place with chemistry and mathematics among the exact sciences. The only sphere of legal investigation left is, not what is the law, but what has been decided; what are the precedents. If the Supreme Court has such an extraordinary jurisdiction over private opinion, then the whole range of American politics is vastly restricted. All discussion in Congress or by the press, upon matters either directly or inferentially legislated upon in the Constitution, is perfectly irrelevant, unless as argumentation to influence the Courts. Free thought and free inquiry only wait the convenience of the national judiciary to impose upon them the perpetual silence of despotism. No political question has been discussed since the formation of the government, which the Supreme Court has not, in any way, put in the category of *res adjudicata* and requires every citizen, upon the sanction of his oath, to conform his private opinion accordingly.

The fact is, the Supreme Court have no more power to interpret the Constitution than has the "Fool Fugitive Slave Law Commissioner." Neither pronounces an opinion that convinces my judgment or compels my assent, but both may induce me to accept a legalized outrage, or a legalized imprisonment, enslavement, against which I find myself provided with no legal redress. Because they have wrongfully decided against my liberty, am I to believe ever afterwards that I have no legal liberty, and confess that I was mistaken in so pertinaciously claiming a boon to which I had no right?

In this connection I may as well dispose of a subject corollary to the main argument: What is the obligation of our national oath of allegiance, our oath to support the Constitution, and towards whom is it assumed. It is thought that the fact, that the United States have a written Constitution changes the nature of the contract of citizenship, and thus a man might hold a seat in the British Parliament, who would be kept by stress of conscience out of the American Congress. In the former office, it is said, he swears general allegiance to the laws and precedents of the realm; in the latter, to observe the terms of a specific stipulation in a written Constitution. But there is no ground in the two cases. All governments have a right to expect from their citizens allegiance to their fundamental law, their constitutional existence. This allegiance is the expression of a natural relation, like that of children to a father. In all cases it is subservient to the higher obligations of abstract morality. It is allegiance to the nation's character, to its purity, to its vitality, to one who is the highest and noblest of all. This is word, to the highest and noblest of all. This is word, to the highest and noblest of all. This is word, to the highest and noblest of all.

The obligation of the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. It is an oath of fealty not so much to specific clauses as to its whole substance and spirit, to the rights and liberties it secures, to the democracy it defines and guarantees. This oath is more sacredly kept in devotion to the great principles which constitute the vital spirit of the Constitution, than in slavish acquiescence, in the bad sense, which a tribunal and a public opinion, bribed to the interests of oppression, have imposed to its letter. If the obligation is to be considered as a promise, then, as in all other oaths, the promise is God's and the conscience. It is not a promise to the nation. They can neither exact nor interpret it. Even if it were a promise to the nation, it is not to the majority of the nation, nor to its controlling interests, nor to the nation of to-day. It is a promise to the millions of the enslaved; to ancestors whose work we pledge ourselves to maintain and protect; to a posterity to whom we desire to hand down a pure life and just fame.

Never before in our history was the fidelity of the patriot and philanthropist so much required to support the Constitution, weakened by repeated assaults of an arrogant and domineering tyranny, perverted to a pro-slavery purpose, housing behind its fair pagoda, and beneath its massive roof, the ruffian breeders and buyers of human flesh.

Have no very intimate friends.

From the Transcript.
Letter from Ethan Spike.

HORSEY, July 28, '53.
Squire Gould on Squire Ewell, Gent.

Dear Sir:—Again after a lapse of intervals, I take my pen in hand and am not down to renew thro' the "transcript" medium of the Transcript, my chosen organ of communication with my numerous friends and the public generally.

Say to them friends on to that ere public, that ef' there has bin a wide gap in that ere sweet communion, it ain't bin coz I liked 'em was, but orfis more. Day in and day out, week after week a month after month has all the energies of my natur bin worked like a Texas nigger to bring about this grand desideratum of eventuality. ERS. Paul fit with wild beasts at Edinburg, so have I fit with wild cats, mormons, an' federalists in Horsey. Under the broad canopy of a meridian sun at the airiest blush of Orrory to the goin' down of the same, and even to the burial' of midnight vigils—workin', writin', sweatin', lyin'—an' all for an orfis that I didn't git! 'O, tempus macabreus, pollyanna, Jerrycho! Such is fame! Why ef' I bin an uneducated, illiterate aboriginal enemy of our blessed peridyun, I couldn't apparently bin treated with a better than a lance. Ah, of I'd studied the bible half as well as I did the Argus I shouldn't hav bin tuck in as I hav. Since I've gin up all hope, peritically, I've bin readin' the scriptures in coarse, and fud a good deal of good advice in it. To wit, viz: that ere passage which warns us not to trust in princes' feathers. Ef' I only knowed it a few months ago, it would have saved a deal of wear and tear—to say nothing of better than nine dollars that I'm out of pocket. I shan't lay any thing up as a General, as I shan't cos I've bin bamboozled, an' bin kept from knowin' my deserts as an orficer. But he's mist it most orficial. In leavin' you out he's deprived the country of a faithful servant and himself of about the all-furthest cheese that was ever got up in Oxford county. It was made in a half bushel hop, an' was nearly all new milk, and had a tansy border all round it, and ever so many stars encircling 'our State motto, 'Ipsy Dicky'—all worked out in green sage.—That ere cheese was to be sent to the General, as I shan't cos I've bin bamboozled, an' bin kept from knowin' my deserts as an orficer. 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Justin Willey Esq, My Dear Sir—Time flies so rapidly that the Quarterly which I have promised is sometimes due ere I have a page prepared. One reason may be that I do not see your good paper of late, Aug 5th 1852, being the last Inquirer which I have seen. Since that date I have forwarded you two Quarters, but I have no means of knowing whether either of them reached you. Nor do I exactly remember what I wrote you, so that there is some danger that I shall use repetition, a thing that I don't like to do. Nor will you like to have me do so. Allow me to repeat the request which I must have made that you send me so many of your paper, that if I do repeat the fault shall be mine and mine alone.

Well, I see the ship of state has got under way with a pilot at the helm whom the people placed there almost by acclamation, and who judging from their enthusiasm, they think will carry the old ship through all the dangers that may lie in her course, arising from rocks, and quicksands, and treacherous currents, and the storms of heaven; make a pleasant and prosperous cruise, and bring her safely into the harbor of political safety. Or without a figure, one on hearing the shout of applause which is going up from one end of the country to the other, would be apt to think that entire confidence is felt in the wisdom and skill of your President to conduct the affairs of state with entire success—to make the United States the glory of all lands, a joy and a praise in the whole earth. God grant that it may be so, we shall see if spared how this will be.

You will not be surprised, however, to hear me say that I have great fears in regard to the skill and honesty of your new Pilot, and of course, strong fears as to the safety of the Ship of State. Much confidence was felt I believe for a long time in the whig party, and Taylor and Fillmore were thought to be the men who would save the country. What Taylor would have done can never be known. But a friend of mine, a whig in politics, lately wrote me that "the whig has never been cursed with an administration more entirely subservient to the Slave holders than that of Fillmore and Daniel Webster." I do not wonder that he added, the former goes back to day to the "ranks" and to his own legitimate insignificance, and the other has gone up to a tribunal where the oppressors have no more power than the oppressed. "Yes, and need I say that neither of these men will rejoice at that tribunal to meet the shameful fugitive slave bill." But meet it they will with all its hateful features and damning fruits. Webster has already done so. In the light of eternity he knows full well the real character of that bill, how God and holy beings regard it, and doubtless how Satan and the hosts of hell regard it. And in that light too he sees clearly the character of his own agency in regard to the detestable act. With God we may cheerfully leave him who will do him no injustice. To the same tribunal is hastening the man who by signing the bill, and thus making it a law, sent a pang of unutterable anguish through the hearts of thousands of thousands in your country, and can use a shout of triumph to roll over the burning plains of hell. God long suffering and gracious is still sparing this guilty man. Let us pray that he will give him repentance for this sinful shameful act, and thus save him from the dome of the wicked.

As your new President has avowed his intention of nailing the black flag to his mast, I think we need not be disappointed in relation to his course and to the result of his pilotage. What particular course he will pursue we may not be able exactly to predict; but that he will steer for the rocks of infamy there can be no doubt, as he avows this from the first, and that he will do so, admits of no doubt. No thanks to him, none to the democracy of the United States if the country does not sink more and more deeply, and more and more rapidly till it reaches the low depths of shame and sin, till sin and democracy becomes a stink in the nostrils of the nations.

But there is a God in the heavens; and that He reigns is a matter of unfeigned joy. I am not certain that he will save our country from impending ruin. "Shall I not visit for these things saith the Lord, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this," is one of the most fearful passages in all the book of God. And that He has said this in reference to our sinful country I cannot doubt. How must His holy Soul loathe a nation whose highest rulers, those gods on earth, are wicked enough to frame iniquity by law. And how must He loathe a church whose foremost ministers meanly succumb to Slave holders, and soon sneer at the higher law! Can He pardon so guilty a church, save so wicked a land? Peradventure He may, in all I dare say when I read those withering interrogatories which have fallen from His lips. Let us beseech Him to give a deep and genuine repentance to rulers and ministers, so called, of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that they shall loose every chain, do justice and love mercy, and thus turn away His anger that our country perish not in its iniquity. In God is our only hope. Vain is the help of man. To Him let us all look for deliverance.

Yours, truly,

J. S. GREENE.

ROBERT RANTOUL.—The following inscription is engraved on the tomb-stone of this noble and distinguished Statesman:

"He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest, in the name of Democracy, against the Fugitive Slave Law."

We learn that a volume of his speeches and writings is soon to be published, which will meet a rapid sale. A splendid lithograph portrait has been executed.

CAN'T SPARE 'EM. Senator Hunter, a rare old hunker, hits the object for which the whig party is sought to be kept up as follows:

"I am not quite ready to spare the whigs—for my part I hope they will live to come up to the scratch many times; for another may arise, gentlemen, which is not so easily beaten."

Duchess Olga, of Wurtemberg, daughter of the Czar, is in London, where she was received with distinction.

Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1853.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,
JOHN P. HALE
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR GOVERNOR,
EZEKIEL HOLMES.

MR. H. EZEKIAH DODGE,
Of this city, is our authorized travelling Agent for the Inquirer.

CIRCULATE THE PAPERS.

The Dumb must Speak.

The "dumb" democracy of this State will be compelled to speak. The Bangor plot to smuggle a run governor upon the State will certainly be exploded. No denunciations of the Inquirer will protect it, and this is now apparent to the managers. The Argus, Age, Journal &c., have told the people that the Maine Law was not in issue—that the temperance question was not involved in Mr. Pillsbury's nomination, and that the subject was not even alluded to in the convention. Rarely has so gross an attempt been made to deceive the people, and they will yet understand who has been telling the truth in this important matter. How the Jeffersonian is getting along remains to be seen. By its own principles it is bound to quit the concern. The Expositor won't consent to have its cause smothered by party strategy, and is taking in this style:

"We have reached a crisis!" says the Argus, "and this crisis must be manfully met." If we had not reached a crisis in the canvass for Mr. Pillsbury, the Argus has certainly made one "and this crisis" shall be manfully met. No more dumb Arguses, and no more dumb Pillsbury men, and no more dumb anti-Pillsbury men, we say. Let the "crisis be manfully met."

And what is this crisis? The Argus says: "The charge is directly made, that Mr. Pillsbury is opposed to the Maine Liquor Law; but not the first declaration has been adduced to sustain the charge." Now it is time for us to say, that the claim made at the Bangor convention, by Mr. Pillsbury's friends,—yes, by Mr. PILLSBURY himself, in person, and in writing, of decided and unqualified opposition on his part, to the Maine Liquor Law—not only to the first law, but to the second law and to both of these laws, was true, and the great contradiction, merit, that was put forth to secure his nomination through the votes of the liberals in Convention, and the influence of their friends out of the Convention.

Upon this they were appealed to, not only by words, and by speeches, but also by written authority under Mr. Pillsbury's own sign manual going the whole length of utter condemnation of both the first and second law, and promising that if the English language could embody more emphatic expression of condemnation than that letter embodied, he was ready to concur in it! Why does the Argus, the Age, and their confederate wire pullers, or rather wool pullers, in the democratic ranks, now attempt to brazen down with denunciation the Chandler men of last year, who they claim to have Mr. Pillsbury as emphatic before the people after his nomination, as the promised the delegates in Convention of these Chandler men, before his nomination was made, that he would be?

But it is not clear as the noonday sun in a cloudless sky, that no liberal man, of any party, can consistently, or ought in justice to his cause and principles, support a candidate who has made to escape before the public the very principles which effected his nomination, and for the advocacy and support of which he was nominated? and without a "pledge" of honest conviction in their favor, he never could have been nominated for Governor?

Our cause, it is argued, is good enough to secure a nomination upon, but is not good enough to rest an election upon before the people!

Out upon such cheating, jesuitical politics. We never will go shoulder to shoulder for a set of principles or a cause that needs to be veiled in such a manner.

We now reiterate our earnest desire to see Mr. Pillsbury permitted by his party advisers and friends, to put himself on the same open, bold, manly and honest grounds before the people, that our Chandler friends and delegates in the Bangor Convention not only saw him, but were invited, nay, urged to see him, before that Convention.

We speak not, we have not spoken without "book" in this matter—nor without proof.

The Approaching Election.

The appearances of a concentrated vote this year have much improved, and nothing is necessary to make it strong but activity on the part of the friends of liberty. Local arrangements must be adopted, committees appointed, right information circulated, &c.

There must be an active committee in each town. This is indispensable. In order for this such as may be seen should be invited to meet forthwith.

The men not likely to be at the polls must be seen and that made sure. Objections must be removed from other minds. Others disposed to vote right, but not perceiving exactly the importance of their vote, will need be shown their value this year for liberty. All these things must be done.

And when the magnitude of the cause is considered, and the bearing of a powerful vote this year on the future, no true friend of the right and of imbruted humanity can hesitate to act.

Remember our vote is to be watched by the democrats of Europe with anxious interest.—The slave power will carefully study it town by town and compare it with the past in order to infer its future. When the old ways of tyranny are crumbling before us, is that the time for stupidity? This is the hour for which we have labored long—now let us improve it like true men.

We have survived the infamous compromise measures and the relapse which they have thrown over the country. They are essentially dead, the tide is now returning and the future is cheering. Now cease the hour, and roll up a strong vote for Dr. Holmes. Liberty and bleeding humanity demand your aid—your immediate aid.

The Democrat is regularly sent to the Inquirer. We want that paper to see what is going on in Pandemonium.—Bangor Democrat.

No number of that paper has been received by us for a month, and the above we found in another exchange. If it is regularly sent it is time for that editorial P. M. to look after the mails. Does not the Democrat mean that it was "sent" as far as the P. O. and there fell out of the bag?

But the reason assigned for wanting the Inquirer shows very good sense. Business relations must make the latest authentic intelligence from distant partners highly important: And as exposure is essential to reform, we are obliged to have an eye constantly upon the operations of the whole firm.

At a Mass Anti-Pillsbury Democratic Convention was held at Alfred, Aug. 23d.—Where's the Argus?

For the Portland Inquirer.

Democracy "Half Seas Over."

Mr. RORRIS.—Permit me to tell a plain unvarnished tale, to make a simple statement of facts; for I am no writer of the imagination, no painter of the fancy.

Two days since, calling at a private house not one mile from Norway Village I was thrown unexpectedly into the company of two individuals. One, an utter stranger, I found in the kitchen, where he was amusing himself and the lookers on by his disgusting allusions to the ladies in the other part of the house, and by his low obscene language mixed with oaths and all sorts of vile talk. The other was a bed and asleep when I entered the house, having expressed a desire to retire for an hour as was supposed for the purpose of sleeping off the effects of the last night's debauch. They had both taken dinner there, and drank deeply at the same time of the contents of a jug they brought with them.

At the end of the hour the person a-bed was called; and judge of my surprise when I saw redden into the room a well known lawyer of Fryburg—one whom I had marked well as the principal speaker and leader at a Democratic County Convention held at Norway Village a few years since—for his commanding voice, his easy and moving eloquence had quickly fixed my attention. But now alas, how fallen! So changed was the man, that as he entered the room I did not recognize him. His eyes were so burnt and inflamed with rum, that he found it nearly impossible to open them. His face was bloated and red; and his miserable efforts at wit and obscene language, were disgusting in the extreme.

Producing a jug from the wagon, they swallowed a gill each of the raw material with the greatest apparent pleasure; and for half an hour we had the satisfaction of listening to the meaningless twattle of two of the Wild Cats (with claws I guess) of "Old Oxford" while under the influence of liquor.

I pitied them, for they were God's children—members of his great family, but I pitied their wives and children more; for they must suffer for others—ins the innocent for the guilty. I did not feel like taunting them with their condition by telling them they were drunk; for that is a word of fearful meaning—denoting the absence of manhood, and all the finer and better feelings of the soul. If I had told them so, I should have told them the truth; but a senseless laugh or may be a hideous oath followed by a demonic grin would have been their only reply.

Calling for their horse they made preparations to depart; but previous to leaving they found it necessary to take another hearty drink from the jug—then after being assisted into the wagon and then into the road they left us. As they left the house the remark was made to them that liquor worked quick this hot weather;—the only reply those Oxford Wild-Cats—those leaders of the Democracy—those firm supporters as I am told of Pillsbury, deigned to make was a guttural grunt, as though they could not fully comprehend the question.

But what surprised me most was this: On taking up a copy of that inimitable sheet, the Norway Advertiser, a few moments after they left, I saw that lawyer's (?) name at the head of a Committee to call a County Convention of the good and true Democracy; and judging from the reputation Pillsbury bears at home, I should suppose this Chairman of the Oxford County Democratic Committee, and the nominee of the Democratic party, to be both tramps with those who nominated the one and support the other. Yours, &c., THOMAS NORWAY, Aug. 12.

A Word for the Slave.

Our prospects, in my mind's eye, never were brighter, or in a more healthy condition, than now. And why should they not be? Our principles are based on God's eternal truth and must stand. Newspaper editors, and political demagogues may pour out their recumbent vituperations about this little band of lovers of human freedom, and friends of the "higher law," and may preach whiggery, and loco-focoism to their hearts content, but it will be of no avail. The mass of free thinkers are getting waked up, and are beginning to throw off the trammels of party, and I believe the day is not far distant when they will begin to take christian, Godlike action. Hard and sturdy men of Maine will you not do it now? Will you not cast such a vote for freedom at our approaching election, as shall speak in thunder tones in the ears of the oppressor, that "truth crushed to the earth shall rise again." That the last spark of humanity is not quite extinguished from the hearts of the noble sons of the pine tree State. That we have a tear of sympathy for the down-trodden slave. That we are awake, and wide awake to the principles of humanity and equity. That our hearts are boiling over with righteous indignation against Slavery, and despotism in all its forms. That we are returning to "our first love." That the principles which actuated the founders of our civil and religious liberty, have taken a deep root in our hearts, and cannot be exterminated, and that come life or death, we will act in conformity thereto, and the "higher," not the "lower" law, shall be the day star of our lives, and the guide of our actions? Let us then throw such a vote for suffering humanity as shall send a thrill of joy into the bosom of every slave in our land.

Go with me in imagination to a southern cotton field. There at the close of our last presidential election, stood a man—yes I said a man, though in the eye of the law no better than a brute, as he stood there erect, he raised his stalwart arm, and lifted his hand slightly upon his head, and with his hand wiped the large drops of sweat from his noble forehead, and as he did so, one could see that his countenance looked sad, and his bosom heaved with many a tumultuous throb. "What was it that caused this visible emotion in the man? Ah! he was thinking of his lovely wife, and beautiful child, who might be separated from him forever, at any time, without a moments warning. And if by chance he should dare to interpose a word, that the partner of his joys and sorrows, should be spared to him, the ruthless hand of the tyrant—his master would be upon him, and scourge him into submission. As the poor slave was revolving such thoughts as these in his mind, a little ray of hope filled his breast, and a partial smile lighted up his countenance, for he had heard, that there were a people at the north, who were laboring for his freedom, and he dared to hope that ere long he should be free. Just then a gentle breeze came sweeping from the north, and brought such tidings as these, to the man. "I said a democrat" would vote with the free demo race, if I thought they would succeed; but I do not see as there is much chance of success at present, therefore at this time I must vote for Gen. Pierce in order to defeat Gen. Scott."

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to an unknown friend in Bowdoin College who signs himself "A Student." He says:—"I wish you to know that Bowdoin College has some at least who sympathize with the noble work you are laboring so hard to accomplish, and not, indeed, without encouragement. You have at least the sympathy and good wishes of thousands of your fellow countrymen."

Jefferson labored hard to make colleges the nurseries of liberty as well as of knowledge, but slavery has gone far towards banishing its true spirit from College Halls. We are glad to know that it still lingers in Bowdoin.

Our Documents will soon be gone at the present rate of orders, and those who send first will be least likely to fail. Packages have been sent for gratuitous distribution to all the Divisions of the League in proportion to money sent. They are sent by Express to the secretaries—sometimes to the care of other persons. See that they are not lost.

The "State of Maine"—the new paper in this city, is out against the Maine Law, in highest eulogy of the Mirror, and against Jury Trials as a relic of barbarism. It is said to rest on the pockets of the rum interest, but of that we know nothing only that it earns their patronage.

"I said a whig" would vote for John P. Hale, if I supposed he could be elected. I despise the platform of the whig party, yet I spit upon it, but for this once I must vote for Gen. Scott to defeat Gen. Pierce."

At this news the poor slave's bosom heaved anew, and the hot tears coursed their way down his manly face, and lifting his eyes to the God of mercy and of justice, he prayed that God would put it into the hearts of the children of men "to remember their brethren in bonds as bound with them" to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; and that God would put it into their hearts to vote for the right, and let the wrong abide for itself. Now shall we ever sadden the slave's heart again, or add another link to the chain of Slavery? Let a hearty response come from the heart of every freeman, No. Geo CURTIS, Jr. Garland, July 6th, 1853.

Letter from Dr. Holmes.

WINTHROP, August 16th, 1853.
Gentlemen of the Convention in Wayne assembled—

I would have been with you this day, were it not for sickness in my family which prevents my leaving home.

Although not able to be present with you, I cannot allow the occasion to pass without at least sending you my best wishes for the earnest and successful prosecution of the temperance cause among us. The contest is one that will require much sacrifice of time and labor—much moral courage and some physical courage—one, against which the baser passions and weaker propensities of human nature will always be arrayed—so that victory must depend not only upon a firm and unyielding moral and religious opposition to all the powers of darkness, (for rum-selling and rum-drinking has become literally a work of darkness) but to sleepless vigilance and untiring action in the great Temperance war now going on: Maine has done nobly thus far,—but the eyes of the world are turned with an anxious gaze watching her future course. The temperate and the good, with trembling hope and fervent prayer that she may not only sustain her present position, but move on, upward and onward,—higher and higher, till drunkenness and its concomitant crimes and misery, shall no longer be known in her borders. While the intemperate and the vile turn upon her eyes of malignant hatred, and strive in every way to work her downfall, and to thwart and destroy the operation of that law which more than any other has checked crime—emptied the prisons and almshouses—improved farms—built work shops—promoted industry of every useful kind, and in scattering comfort and happiness broadcast over our land.

After all, I have often thought that the cause of Temperance has more to fear from the apathy of its friends than all the hosts of its enemies combined. Permit me then to suggest that we should all watch and be careful that in avoiding the "Seyla" of intemperance on one hand we do not suffer shipwreck on the other "charybdis" of apathy on the other. With sentiments of fraternal regard, Yours, E. HOLMES.

How WE ARE REGARDED. One of the most intelligent Free Democrats in another State writes: "We are watching with intense anxiety the issue of things in your State. I agree with you that it is all important to keep the ranks of the friends of freedom unbroken."

If the towns will organize,—all of them, get out every freer voter, then every man make an earnest effort to add one more, we shall cast a solid vote of just 15,000. Think of its value and do it.

It would turn the tide of war in Maine, and prospectively settle the last and only remaining question—that of success. Settle that and we settle all. The Argument was settled long ago, now we must demonstrate Practicability and the work is done. Fifteen Thousand Votes in Maine will do that, and those can be cast next September. Be faithful.

PEOPLE'S PRESS.—This miscellane paper at Skowhegan is really one of the most driving hunker things in our knowledge. A few years ago nothing could well exceed the anti-slavery professions of the whigs in that county. If they approve the character of that paper, as would seem probable, they must afford a sorry illustration of whig professions. Here is a specimen of that paper. Its stupidity and ignorance are only equal to its unprincipled sourrillity. Our readers will see the total libel upon facts without any correction from us. Is this the "more favorable party?"

"It is a singular fact that while it is well known that the emancipation of African slaves in the West Indies, especially in the Island of Jamaica, has not only rendered the Island a desert, but the Africans themselves the most miserable of savages and idolaters, that clergy-men professing the christian religion, should from their pulpits, recommend a similar course in this country. It is not emancipation itself that is complained of, but the injudicious manner in which it was done—emancipation without regard to consequences, or the future welfare of the slave. It is said that the Jamaica negroes are the most miserable beings on the face of the earth, and are fast returning to the worship of idols—beasts, trees and serpents."

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to an unknown friend in Bowdoin College who signs himself "A Student." He says:—"I wish you to know that Bowdoin College has some at least who sympathize with the noble work you are laboring so hard to accomplish, and not, indeed, without encouragement. You have at least the sympathy and good wishes of thousands of your fellow countrymen."

Jefferson labored hard to make colleges the nurseries of liberty as well as of knowledge, but slavery has gone far towards banishing its true spirit from College Halls. We are glad to know that it still lingers in Bowdoin.

Our Documents will soon be gone at the present rate of orders, and those who send first will be least likely to fail. Packages have been sent for gratuitous distribution to all the Divisions of the League in proportion to money sent. They are sent by Express to the secretaries—sometimes to the care of other persons. See that they are not lost.

The "State of Maine"—the new paper in this city, is out against the Maine Law, in highest eulogy of the Mirror, and against Jury Trials as a relic of barbarism. It is said to rest on the pockets of the rum interest, but of that we know nothing only that it earns their patronage.

BORRIS' THIRDS.—The following resolution was passed at a late meeting of the hunker democratic State Committee:

"Resolved, That in establishing a basis of representation for the next democratic State Convention, the committee will base the representation upon the vote for the regular nominated democratic candidate for Governor for the present year."

This of course will exclude all but Pillsbury voters from any concern in the party hereafter. The door is bolted in advance, and all concerned should shape their course accordingly.

TOWN FEAR STORY.—The *Frontier Journal*, says:

"Mr. Pillsbury is not the candidate of the Abolition Whig-Temperance party, but of the true Democracy of Maine. The 'Maine Law' was not voted in the convention which nominated him, all outside or extraneous issues were neither introduced or thought of in the convention."

Such monstrous statements could have been made by no mortal except where the fog was too dense to see type or proof-sheet. We are told they slice it up and ship it.

"We must beg to be excused for a diminished amount of labor this week on the paper, owing to other engagements."

"It may guard the friends of freedom against surprise, to suggest to them to be prepared to see HENRY WILSON the next Governor of Mass Give EZEKIEL HOLMES a rousing vote this year, and his turn in Maine will not be far off.

Dr. Boynton's Lectures.

This accomplished Geological lecturer is delivering a course in this city of highly valuable lectures, aided essentially by illustrative paintings and diagrams. This is a rare opportunity for gaining knowledge at a cheap and rapid rate, which cannot be undervalued without reflecting on the truth and intelligence of the City. Go and hear by all means.

A COUPLE OF SINGULAR SUICIDES.—Last Sunday evening, two girls, one named Clara C. Cochran, a native of New Boston, aged 19, and the other named Catherine B. Cotton, of Pownal, Me., aged 22, after writing long letters to their friends, stating their determination to commit suicide, both left their boarding house, and walked hand in hand to the bridge across the canal, both leaped in and were drowned. Disappointed love is the cause assigned.—*Man. Dem.*

Ah! But where are those who "disappointed" that "love?" who have thus been the murderers of those girls, whose warm generous affections would have spread the path with life flowers? Where are the young men who thus trifled—perhaps designedly—not with stars and gems, but with female affection? The man who will violate an obligation of this nature,—who will repel the love which he has knowingly awakened, is a dishonored villain and ought to hear the scorn of society at every turn. No female should again trust him or even permit the faithless wretch in her presence.

Yet how often such creatures pass as men of character and honor, while the poor victims of their perfidy lie still in death. Young lady, learn self-possession, and never trifle with your own heart. Young man, if faithless to all else on earth and would escape an undying curse, be true to female affection.

New Hampshire.

There is every indication of life and courage among the Free Democracy of that State. They are going to work in serious earnestness. A new campaign paper is to be started in Nashua. The *Meredith Democrat* (hunker) gives the following cheering intelligence:

We have reason to think that the free-soilers in the region north and east of this are preparing for a vigorous campaign to be conducted through the aid of a school house lecturers, pretended fugitive slaves, female preachers and the like.

NEW FREE SOIL PAPERS. "The Standard" is the title of a new free soil paper at Freeport, Illinois.

"The True Republican" is another, which has just been started at Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio.

The Williams County (Ohio) "Democrat" has left the ranks of the Compromise Democracy and taken its stand upon the Free Democratic Platform adopted at Pittsburg. Its editor, William A. Hunter, has heretofore been regarded as a democratic leader.

Kennebec County.

Agreeably to the Call the friends of Liberty and Temperance in Kennebec County met in County Convention, at the Freewill Baptist Meeting House, in Wayne Village, on the 16th inst. Convention called to order by Thomas Wilson of Wayne—and Mr. Fillebrown of Winthrop, was called to the chair.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Wilson, Copeland and Bean, was appointed to nominate officers for the permanent organization of the Convention.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Parker of Wayne.

Committee on nomination of officers for the permanent organization of the Convention reported the following gentlemen:

Mr. J. B. Fillebrown, President.

Rev. Mr. Copeland, Vice President.

"John Stevens, Secretary.

"C. O. Whitney, Assistant Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Hill being called for, addressed the meeting on the subject of Temperance. Mr. Hill's remarks were listened to with great interest and profit, and it seems perfectly natural to conclude that all who listened to his appeals in behalf of the suffering families of intemperance, would never think, speak, or vote, only in favor of Temperance and the Maine Law.—Messrs. Wilson, Walton, Copeland, Carr, Tufts, Bean, Smith, Hill and Tilton, were appointed a committee to nominate a Board of County Officers, to be supported by the Free Soil Party, at our next election, and the Convention adjourned until 1 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Met on adjournment.—Prayer by Rev. Mr. Smith, Litchfield.

Committee on nomination reported the names of the following gentlemen:

FOR SENATORS.

Thomas Wilson of Wayne.

Levi Ricker of Waterville.

Cyrus Wilson of Gardiner.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.—H. K. Baker of Hallowell.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—W. R. Prescott of Hallowell.

The above report was unanimously adopted, and the above named gentlemen are presented as candidates for the office to which they are nominated, as worthy the votes of all the friends of Freedom and Temperance in the County.

The committee also reported the names of H. K. Baker, Esq. and W. R. Prescott, of Hallowell, Alfred Winslow of Waterville, Alfred

Springer of Gardiner, and John Stevens of Wayne, as Standing Committee for the County. Report adopted.

Chose Messrs. Hill, Tufts and C. S. Whitney, Committee on Resolutions.

Rev. Mr. Parker being called for gave a very effective address on the subject of American Slavery, showing what were, and what were not, the constitutional compromises, &c., &c.

Rev. Mr. Randall being called for addressed the Convention

RESOLUTIONS.

1st. That in the holy principles of Temperance and anti-Slavery, we hail with joy a moral basis for political action, where men of all creeds may stand and work out good will to man.

2d. We will vote for no man who is known to be opposed to the Maine Liquor Law.

3d. That the progress of Zion and anti Slavery affords abundant encouragement for continued effort, and that it is highly desirable that all the friends of moral reform should be united in the prosecution of the enterprise.

The resolves being read—Mr. Randall proceeded with some eloquent remarks, in which he showed the present position of the various political parties of the day.

Resolutions were further discussed by Messrs. Hill and Tufts, and passed unanimously,—after which a contribution of \$10.00 was taken to aid in the cause of Temperance and anti Slavery. Several pieces were well performed by the choir.

The audience was composed of men of all parties, with a goodly number of Ladies, who were generally from one party, and that on the side of right,—and the Convention adjourned to meet at the Ballot Box in Sept. next. All seemed to go forth with renewed zeal for the cause of human rights, and the redemption of our race. J. B. PILLEBROWN, President. JOHN STEVENS, Secretary.

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